

*The Comicall Historie of*

*Gob.* Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

*Launcelet.* Take you of young Master *Launcelet*, marke mee now, now will I raise the vvaters; talke you of young Master *Launcelet*.

*Gobbo.* No Master sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

*Launc.* Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master *Launcelet*.

*Gob.* Your vvorships friend and *Launcelet* sir.

*Launc.* But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talke you of young Master *Launcelet*?

*Gob.* Of *Launcelet* ant shall please your worship.

*Launc.* *Ergo*, Master *Launcelet*, talke not of Master *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceafed, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

*Launc.* Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

*Gobbo.* Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God rest his soule, alive or dead.

*Launc.* Doe you not know me Father?

*Gob.* Alack sir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

*Launcelet.* Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

*Gobbo.* Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

*Launce.* Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

*the Merchant of Venice.*

mee your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

*Launc.* I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be sworne, if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horte has on his taile.

*Launc.* It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord how art thou changd: how dost thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how gree you now?

*Launc.* Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have runne some ground; my Master's a very Iewe, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Lyveries, if I serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serve the Iewe any longer.

*Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.*

*Bas.* You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fve of the clocke: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

*Launc.* To him Father.

*Gob.* God blesse your worship.

*Bass.* Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me?

*Gob.* Heere's my Sonne sir, a poore boy.

*Launc.* Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iews man, that would sir, as my Father shall specifie.

*Gob.* He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

*Launc.* Indee the short and the long is, I serve the Iew, and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

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Gob.